

TO HIS SACRED

10.14.15.9

MAJESTIE:

Loyall Reflections,

UPON

His Glorious Restoration, Procession and Coronation;

Not forgetting the **ROYAL OAKE.**

Ascend thou **W**her **P**assion, mount yet **H**igher, **A**ll

The World adores thy **L**ight, dreads thy **F**ort;

The golden Howers have nail'd thy **C**harlot wheels;

Thy **O**rbe is fixt, the **E**arth below thee recks

Copernicus (all Metaphor) did preface

The sublunarie **M**otions of our Age;

Ascend **G**reat **B**ritain's **E**mperour, not to own

An **U**surpation, but your **B**right **T**hrone;

And yet a **T**hrone not of an **e**arthly **R**ite,

Whose **F**oot was **E**arth, whose **T**op was **P**aradise:

What **R**ight, what **A**rmes, what **P**rayers, long reacht in **v**ain,

Is let down by a **P**rovidential **C**hain:

The **H**eavens (Great **S**ir,) weav'd your **I**mperial **R**obe,

Your **S**cepter fell from the **C**oelestial **G**lobe,

What the proud **R**omans of their **A**ncyle feign

Is form'd a truth in your miraculous **R**eign.

That *Scarlet Fabrick Romulus* rear'd in blood,
Is shrunk; the first Foundation was not good.

Thus, *Strafford*, they that sowed their Politick seeds
In thy rich Blood, receive no Crop but weeds!

Romes Cæsars chain'd Kings mockt in publick shewes
VVhose fate (an easie Victory) crown'd their browes;
Our *Cæsar*, vanquisht by *unequal VVars*,
Conquer'd the Conquest, and subdued his Stars.

All grant, Heaven wrought this wondrous Change; And now
To assert the truth *religious* Rebels bow.

Worsters miraculous escape spokc loud,
Had not Rebellion ears *deaf*, and hearts *proud*:
A sacred Brand snatcht from a field of fire,
Not to be *unking'd*, but be *bumbled* higher;
When this strange Rescue made the Tyrant sweat
Who vowed, without the King, 'twas no defeat.
Had onely put heaven to some new expence,
To sanctifie *long prophaned* Providence.
Thou foundst proud Monster, one good Angel then
VVas a *Life-guard* above an *Hoast* of men.

Blest *Oake*! thou *Monarch* of the *British* Grove,
Sacred to CHARLES (thy Guest,) as onceto *Jove*;
Thou *Bulmark* of our little world! dost stand,
Or move, impregnable, by Sea and Land;

Thou

Thou *vegetive Soul*! whose glory 'tis and pride 2

To suffer wounds or sink, not to divide:

O were our *Rationals* hearted like thee,

VVe should not such *Schisms* and *Divisions* see:

VVhose branches *Ogleby* rich fancy made

Bear *Crownes* for Nuts; but thy best Fruit was *shade*:

VVhen *CHARLES* lodg'd in thy Boughs, thou couldst not want

Many *degrees* to be a *sensible Plant*.

O mayst thou never be transplanted more,

Never touch Earth, except thy Native Shore!

When we are dead, mayst thou survive behind,

To tell the world how *Stones* and *Oakes* were kind,

When *Men* and *Saints* were *Devils*! O bethou

The King of woods, and let the *Cedar* bow;

Live, and henceforth the *Tree of Life* present,

Or if thou dyest, stand thy own Monument.

Hence prophane *Ravens*, never dare to Croak

Upon the streamers of our Sacred *Oake*;

Or when you dare, O let your ominous breath

Prefage not *Mans* or *Beasts*, but your own death!

Whose Branches sav'd three Kingdomes and a King,

Frequent this *Tree* ye sweetest Birds that sing.

Coy *Daphne* die to use; the *Oake* shall now

Crown both the Poets and the Conquerours brow.

Blest Tree ! when Age has boar'd thy sides, grown thin
Hast nothing left thee, but bare ribs and skin,
Within thy *Concave* may those spirits dwell,
And there fix an unerring Oracle.
Since (part o'th' world) thou too must mortall be,
Stand both alive and dead a *Vocall Tree* :

And let the Nations tremble at our *Strokes*,
Who have (what they all want) such *Hearts* and *Oakes*.

London ! the worlds *Metropolis*, the *Burse*
Of all our *Citties*, and three Kingdomes *Purse* !
Those high *Triumphals* on thy bosome built,
Reacht Heaven, and brought down Pardons for thy *Guilt*,
When did thy long dark *Eye* such sights behold ?
When was thy Streets so pav'd with *Silk* and *Gold* ?
Phæbus breaks forth from his Imperial Tower,
Makes the whole *Cittie Sun-shine* for an Hower.
Heaven *smiles* through the moist Region of the Aire,
And spite of *Lilly*, two dayes must be Fair.
Lions and *Rebels* left (those Beasts of prey)
The Pomp proceeds serenely with the day.
What Majestie with it brings, the same it meets,
Glory and *Triumph* through the Impaled Streets :
A laden *Cammel* powres into his hand
The wealth of *India* both by Sea and Land.

A Gallant *First-Rate* Ship, Rig'd up in view, 3

Threatens to make all that was *painted*, true.

Wonder not why our *Navy* fail'd alone,

The *Dutch* had *struck* sail, and were newly gone,

King, Peers, Knights, Gentry, Souldiery, all advance,

Cloath'd with the *wealth* of *Turkie*, *Spain* and *France*:

Pearls, Rubies, Diamonds (or if richer Stone

There be) then, numerous as the Pebbles, shone,

Th'Amazed People on their Scaffolds sit,

See bright *Stars* at Noon-day *without* a *Pit*.

The *Globe* was now inverted, and the *Spheare*

Adorn'd with *Stars*, was not above, but here.

But Nobler *Lights* (pierce not the *Eye* but *Mind*)

Like *Constellations* from the *windows* shind!

While busie scruples gazing *Forreigners* vex,

Which were those *Conquerors*, *Male* or *Female* *Sex*.

The brave *Horse* marching in their *Plumes* so gay,

Flour'd all the *Streets*, and *Tulipt* up the way.

Did ever *Nation* laden with such spoils

Return triumphing from their *Civil* *Broils*?

Thus *Headless* *England* fights it self at length

Into a *Kingdom*, *weakned* into strength!

Sick bodies bleed; and so recover health,

And *Thrones* rise high *bas'd* on a *Common-wealth*.

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Our

Our Ruine is Restor'd with gain not loss,
Cheap-side all Gold to recompence the Cross;
Fair Concord here, the Churches Embleme stands,
Then Plentie flowes from Kings and Bishops Lands;
But our poor Mother Church lies still heart sick,
Rent in the Middle, and turns Seismaticke;
Fallen with a fright, when that insidious Gog
Threatned to sell it for a Synagogue;
Thanks Anabaptists, who then powerful stickle
Preserve it for a Free-will Conventicle;
Had not the old Saints blood (poured up by Them)
London had been a new Jerusalem.
Better twice dyd, then not at all, not admit
Some change, rather then quite Unchristianit;
But what Paul lost, was all to Peter giv'd;
For one whole day The chief Apostle made:
Whose Net was chang'd to Copes and Sattin Gowns,
Fit to present the Second Church four Crowns;
Who more concern'd for Dietie then State,
Upon his Throne like a good Patriarch sat;
As if he had this painted world for look;
Had not a Scepter, but a Crozier took;
The holy Oyntment, bath'd his Limbs and Head;
Shall sent his sacred Ashes, when he is dead;
Twas not its Native vertue I presume,

But

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But His *Divinity* heightened the perfume,
May that rich Harmony Ecchoed from two Sphears,
Till Heaven exchange it, still possess his Ears!

Bishops and *Presbyters*, Cement for shame;

Differenc'd, like mankind onely by a name;

I fear in Heaven they hardly will agree,

Who divide in this high Solemnitie

Munday we grant was proudly rich and gay,

But *Tuesday* was the Sacred *Holyday*;

Such Glorious Sights was never seen before;

And, without *Treason*, must be mist no more.

Were not *Rome* kind, we should live long to see

Two Ages, and a double *Jubilee*!

We wish great *Spain* prosperity and health,

Though first he *Catholick* our Common-wealth;

May *Flanders* flourish, be for ever blest,

Which lodg'd, what *France* expos'd, an *Angel-Guest*.

Tremble proud *France*, (th' hast lost thy *Politick Twins*)

Least *England* scourge thee for thy *Cardinal sins*;

Let *Holland* link with *Spain* to desperate Ends,

Once their poor *Rebels*, now their proudest *Friends*;

If weak *Rebellion*, if a *Rump-designe*

Could cool the furie of their *Brandee-wine*;

What will the whole *United Provinces* doe,

When their three *Neighbours* are *United* too?

If

If *Cromwell* (*Magarines Ape*) could act so much,
CHARLES and his Whales will swallow up the *Dutch*.
Had they not once a kind *Protectrice* found,
The *Begging States* had been surpriz'd or drown'd:
But since their fore-heads weare the *Protestant name*,
I wish them neither *Victory* nor *shame*.

O ye *Phanaticks*! whose hot *Brimstone* zeal
Produc'd Confusion for a Common-weal;
Convinc'd, if not by Reason, Sight; nor Sence,
Yet by your great *Diana* Providence;
Sit down, and change the Scene of your Affairs
To right Ends; *Model* not your *Armes*, but *Prayers*;
Embrace your King, His Royal mercy prize,
And then be rich *Phanaticks*, though not wise.

Now Gracious Sovereign, the worlds Just *Love* and *Fear*,
The *Jubilee* and *Triumph* of this Year!
Ride on; Let both Your *Friends*, and *Enemies* know
Your *Glories* were but *Shadowed* the last *Show*:
You shall act *Wonders* still, in *War* or *Peace*,
But from Your Coronation *Miracles* cease:
If yet more *Miracles* in Times *womb* remain,
They will be *maim'd* if not born in your Reign.

Heaven has unveild one; That *Meridian Star*,
Shin'd at your *Birth*, needs no *Interpreter*!

F I N I S.

4 lines

J. Crowch.

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